

# PANEGYRICK

TO  
His Highness Prince RUPERT,

ON

His present Expedition with *His Majesties NAVY ROYAL*  
against the *DUTCH*.

*Arma VIRUMq; cano—*

**G**REAT PRINCE! to whose *unwearied Pains and Care*  
*England* Eternal Monuments must rear  
Of *Gratitude*, as having found in *YOU*  
At once her *Nestor* and *Achilles* too:  
Whose *Grave Advice* does first our *Factions* close,  
And then your *Matchless Arm* subdues our *Foes*.  
Permit an *Humble Muse* your *Fame* to greet,  
And with your *Canvas* spread a *Votive Sheet*,  
Predicting *Victory*: Assur'd no less,  
*RUPERT* Commanding warranteth *success*.  
*RUPERT*, that *Glorious Name*, wherein we have  
Whatever's *Prudent, Valiant, Great, or Brave*;  
In whom *Nature* all past *Hero's* does summe,  
And *Copies* sets to those that are to come.  
With such a *Chief* and such a *Navy* blest,  
As never yet the *Oceans* Surface prest,  
For *strength*, for *courage*, and for *number* too,  
What if we may not fairly hope to do?  
Especially upon a *Cause* so just,  
As might to *Providence* and *Cock-bats* trust:  
Though thanks to *Heaven* a *Moving Wood*, we see,  
Covers the bosom of our *Narrow Sea*;  
A *Floating Island*, that seems to surpass  
*Denmark* and *Dantzick* for full choice of *Masts*:  
As if that *Womb* of *Ships* (*Forest of Dean*)  
Into the *Ocean* now had shifted *Scene*.  
Phanſie no more *Fond Hogens* to surprise  
Us with *Fair Words* and *Foul Advantages*;  
Nor hope a doubtful *Treaties* fly pretence  
Shall gull us to omit needful *Defence*.  
We'll parly *Arm'd*, and if you *Deaf* remain  
To *Reason* still, and our *Just Terms* disdain,  
We'll Bore your *Ears* with *Thunder*, till you cease  
Your haughty *Pride*, and humbly beg for *Peace*.

See how *Fate* to your *Ruine* does advance,  
The *English Valour*, and *Fury* of *France*.  
Vessels of such a *bulk*! we may maintain  
That *Wooden Mountains* Dance upon the *Main*.  
Their stately *Rigging* charm the gazing eye;  
But with what *horror* and *stupidity*  
Must you receive that *Dread Salute* that comes  
From gaping *Entrails* of their *Numerous Guns*!  
Whose *language* speaks *Confusion*, and their *breath*  
Impregnates *Air* with *Sentences* of *death*;  
Outroaring *Thunder* with their *Frightful Souds*,  
Which ev'ry *Wave* to *neighbouring Shores* rebounds,  
Like to *unbidge* the *Poles*, and *dash* the *Spheres*,  
In *shatters* about trembling *Atlas* ears.  
Those *Fatal Peals* *Heaven* hath designed well,  
To ring your *Hogen Mogen State*ships *Knell*.

*Zerxes* his *Chains* were but a *Foolery*;  
Such *Fleets* alone the *Seas* in *Fetters* tie:  
Man'd with stout *Seamen* yielding to no *stroke*;  
For (like their *Ships*) their *Hearts* are *Trusty Oke*.  
*Spain's* King, that formerly *Sirnamed His*  
*INVINCIBLE*, how would he *Christen This*!  
To which that *proud Armado* was no more  
Then *Shoals* of *Fisher-boats* crept from the *Shore*.  
Let none repine that *Bacons Art* did fail;  
His *Brazen* to these *Wooden Walls* must vail.

May *Sacred CHARLES* have always such a *Fleet*,  
Incroaching *Foes* to *prostrate* at his *Feet*,  
And never want such *Arguments* as these  
To assert his *Right* unto the *Narrow Seas*.

FINIS.

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